

# P O E M S

O N

## V A R I O U S O C C A S I O N S.

- I. The NATURE and FITNESS of THINGS.
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By THOMAS GURNEY, SHORT-HAND-WRITER.

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S U D B U R Y:

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[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

MAW  
G/A 551

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

I. The ... of ...

II. On ...

III. The ...

IV. The ...

V. A letter to Mr. Taylor.

VI. A letter to ...

VII. The ...

VIII. The ...

IX. On ...

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BY THOMAS GUEST, Great Hall, Warrington.

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MANCHESTER.

[PRICE, SIX PENCE]

*The NATURE and FITNESS of Things: or the PERFECTIONS of  
GOD, a STANDING RULE to try all Doctrines and Experience by.*

A P O E M.

**W**HEN Truth's attack'd by daring Foes,  
Duty obliges to oppose;  
Since many Errors now abound,  
And Vice is spread the Nation round.

Shall *Wesley* sow his hurtful Tares,  
Or scatter round a thousand Snæres;  
Telling how God from Wrath may turn,  
And love the Soul he thought to burn;  
And how, again, his Mind may move  
To hate, where he has vow'd to love:  
How all Mankind he fain would save,  
Yet longs for what he cannot have;  
Who looks for Fruit from every one,  
Where he no Seeds of Grace hath sown;  
Expecting Thorns and Thistles might  
Yield Grapes, and Figs, to his Delight:  
Industrious thus to sound abroad,  
A disappointed, changing God.

Thus he beguiles his num'rous Train,  
Who fondly hug the tiresome Chain;  
But while those treach'rous Paths they tread,  
Their Money's spent for Husks, not Bread:  
Vain is their Hope, their Strength is spent,  
For what will yield them no Content.  
Yet of their Doings fondly boast:  
*This Sister's perfect, That almost\*.*  
Sure their Perfection must sound odd,  
Who worship an imperfect God:  
Can Hell more strong Delusions find?  
Or *Rome* impose upon Mankind?

O Bigotry!

---

\* Alluding to the Doctrine of inherent Perfection, strangely preached up by the two *Wesleys*, and as strangely imbibed by their credulous Followers, *Vide*, Preface to their Hymn-Book, published 1740; and several are so deluded as to declare they have not sinned in Thought, Word, or Deed, some for Months, some for Years.

O Bigotry ! distracting Thought !  
 What Ills hast thou on Mankind brought ?  
 Thy pow'r is seen in Church and State,  
 Thine's foolish Love, and furious Hate ;  
 These two Extremes are always seen,  
 Nor Moderation steps between :  
 Where will thy strange Contentions end,  
 Thou Reason's Foe, Sedition's Friend ?  
 Who can thy Captive-Slaves restore ?  
 When wilt thou die, and rise no more ?  
 While we attempt thy Bands in vain,  
 There's none but God can break thy Chain,  
 Who hast thy Tens of Thousands slain.  
 We long those peaceful Days to see,  
 When He shall rise and scatter thee.

Now rouse from sleepy Sloth my Pen,  
 Be Truth thy Theme, sit loose from Men ;  
 Bold in thy Maker's Cause appear,  
 Let Furies rage, or Critics sneer :  
*Arminian* Faction first survey,  
 The growing Evil of the Day ;  
 Where Man's extoll'd in Power and Skill,  
 And God subservient to his Will :  
 Such boast they've Reason for their Guide,  
 And how Things fit on every Side ;  
 In their own Eyes, their Ways seem right ;  
 But let us bring them to the Light,  
 There search them out, that all may see  
 What Name for such will best agree.  
 Though many different Sorts we find,  
 'Tis *two* determines all Mankind.  
 He that a Sovereign God obeys,  
 And through a Mediator prays,  
 If Hell oppose, or Men blaspheme,  
*Christian* shall stand his proper Name :  
 But he who owns no God at all,  
 At present we will *Atheist* call.

What shall I say, O stupid, blind !  
 Who hold *Christ* ransom'd all Mankind :  
 Yet some are lost for whom he dy'd ;  
 Pray how was *Wisdom* here employ'd ?  
 But some to set this Matter clear,  
 Dispense with God's Foreknowledge here ;  
 Such say, He can't know certainly,  
 Who would, or who would not comply,  
 Because the Creature here acts free,  
 And *this* might not, or *that* might be.



But while they boast they've Power at Ease,  
 To do, or not, just as they please ;  
 Shall one of these must surely hit,  
 If do a Thing they can't omit ;  
 And if they're free in doing one,  
 The other's surely let alone,  
 And God did certainly foreknow,  
 That they'd omit, and *this* they'd do ;  
 He views the Rise and End of Things,  
 From Sparrows up to pompous Kings ;  
 The Death of *Christ* we plainly find  
 Fell out as was before design'd.

Thy Seed to *Abra'm* God declares,  
 Shall serve within a Land not theirs ;  
 And whom they serve shall use them ill,  
 Whilst they four hundred Years fulfill ;  
 Then will he judge their great Offence,  
 And, with much Treasure, bring thine thence ;  
 And thou in Peace shall quit this Stage,  
 Be buried in a good old Age.

Can any one his Prescience doubt,  
 Who reads how every Case fell out ?

They may their Random Scheme advance,  
 And talk of Things that fall by Chance ;  
 But after all I'd have them know,  
 With the Supreme it can't be so.

To solve the Point let this suffice ;  
 If Things from his omniscient Eyes  
 Lie hid, that shall *To-morrow* be,  
 All that's *To-day* he cannot see :  
 For then *To-morrow* he'll know more ;  
 So can't be what he was before.

Redeem'd by Blood, yet sent to Hell,  
 Strange to conceive, and strange to tell !  
 Dare Satan vie with him for Might,  
 Or can he rob him of his Right ?  
 Did he so far with Man prevail,  
 To make his first Intentions fail ;  
 And sink his Workmanship to nought,  
 Had he not had a second Thought ;  
 How comes it that his Will is crost,  
 Would have all sav'd, yet some are lost ?

Can Disappointments thus commence  
 With him who is Omnipotence?  
 If such a Case should e'er fall out,  
 'Tis Want of *Power* in him no doubt.

Some turn to us, and thus reply,  
 You often say God cannot die,  
 Nor yet his Promise falsify :  
 Hence they conclude, and basely too,  
 There's Things above his Power to do.

Thus they reverse the Argument,  
 Put Weakness for Omnipotent :  
 'Twould prove him weak should this prevail,  
 No Need of Power to err or fail ;  
 Errors to sinful Worms belong,  
 Because they're weak, not 'cause they're strong.

Did *Jesus* bleed and suffer scorn,  
 For all that was and should be born?  
 Sure *Justice* could not here do well,  
 To make him smart for those in Hell ;  
 And still in Torment such detain,  
 To make them pay that Debt again :  
 If so, 'tis obvious to each View,  
 One of these two must needs be true ;  
 That Justice is unjust become,  
 Or *Christ* has poorly paid for some.

If Creatures Heaven in Part obtain,  
 Mercy for helpless Souls is vain :  
 Mercy and Merit can't unite,  
 For one must flee the other's Sight :  
 For if Salvation's of the Lord,  
 The Creature can no help afford ;  
 If they in this great Work have Share,  
 How many *Saviours* then are there ?  
 And if a *Saviour*'s not alone,  
 Surely in fact there can be none.

If Man may fail and come to naught.  
 Where efficacious *Grace* is wrought,  
 This Gift must be imperfect then,  
 And hurtful to the Souls of Men.  
 Who can maintain that God is just,  
 Or in his Grace put all their Trust ?  
 Or is the Case determin'd by  
 The Creatures Acts of Piety?

Then why to Grace such Trophies raise?  
My well-disposed Self take Praise.

If God don't love till Man begins  
To know himself, or loath his Sins,  
How comes blind Man himself to know,  
Or whence doth his Repentance flow?  
Is't from himself, or from above;  
The effect of Fear, or that of Love?  
*John* the Beloved puts it thus,  
*We love, because he first lov'd us.*

But some proud Boaster here will say, }  
If Love, 'tis in a different Way }  
'Twill much increase as I obey:  
And when I from my Duty fall,  
He loves me less, or not at all.

Such Love as this must needs discover  
Great Imperfection in the Lover;  
Mov'd by the Creature's wavering,  
Like and dislike the self same thing:  
Such Thoughts as these are far below  
The God my Soul desires to know.  
Were not my future Crimes foreseen,  
When mighty Grace stept in between?  
I was but Dust he knew full well,  
And could do nothing but rebel;  
That should not hinder his Design,  
Whose Love's the same, and can't decline:  
'Twas Love begun, and shall proceed;  
He will not break the bruised Reed.

If once belov'd, and ever shall,  
A changing God's no God at all.  
In *Nineveh* of old we find  
He chang'd Affairs, not chang'd his Mind:  
To will a Change, and change his Will,  
Differ as much as Good and Ill.  
If in his Love he should decline,  
Where does his Power and Goodness shine?  
If he from Good to Better grow,  
He can't eternally be so;  
Should Infinite be laid aside,  
Or one Perfection be denied,  
Who could the Christian's Cause maintain?  
Or who could Right from Wrong explain?

If mutable, unwise, and weak,  
Such Worship's false, and all's to seek.

Should I their changing God address,  
What Ground have I to hope Success?  
How can I pray to suit his Mind,  
Who turns and wavers as the Wind?  
For what *To day* he may approve,  
Perhaps *To-morrow's* lost his Love,  
Should he be talking, how can I  
Expect he'll hearken to my Cry;  
Or, if persuing, then I doubt  
I ne'er shall find his Winding out;  
If on a Journey, I should fear  
He cannot at a Distance hear;  
And if I call aloud, I may  
Give great Offence another Way:  
Perhaps in Sleep he's clos'd his Eyes,  
And will be touchy if he rise:  
How can my Soul direct her Pray'r,  
Who knows not how, nor when, nor where?  
This and the Heathens God's the same,  
They differ nothing but in Name,

A Log of Wood may serve as well,  
And of the two he must excell:  
Where'er I set him, there he stands,  
Nor need I fear his Eyes or Hands:  
He ne'er exerts his Power in vain,  
Nor loves and hates, and loves again;  
Whate'er he knew he ne'er forgot;  
Admits no Error, changes not:  
Whene'er he speaks he is obey'd,  
Nor can his Councils be betray'd:  
Nor Disappointments vex his Head,  
Performs whate'er he promised;  
None of his Right e'er him bereav'd,  
Cannot deceive, nor be deceiv'd.

Are these the Men who boast their Scheme,  
Shall put Good Works in high Esteem,  
Then Man's Free-agency extol,  
How Wise, how Great, and Good withall;  
He's free to chuse, or Good or Ill,  
Nor Dreams a Bias on his Will.  
The Doctrines thus of Grace abuse,  
And such reproachful Language use:  
Was I an Object of this Choice,  
I'd give a loose to ev'ry Vice;



For those who hold it often say,  
 He can't refuse or put away.  
 Why need I read, or pray, or fast,  
 If 'twont secure me Heaven at last :  
 Hence all Religion from my Sight,  
 If I can't be a Gainer by't;  
*A lasting Argument to prove*  
*Such, Strangers to constraining Love.*

Ask them the Way to Rest and Bliss,  
 Good Works, they tell you, cannot miss;  
 This is the all they have to bring,  
 They know the Name, but not the Thing.

How mercenary is their End,  
 While they to Holiness pretend?  
 They think they're Good, if they refrain  
 From Sin because of future Pain:  
 As though th'Eternal does approve  
 Works better done from *Fear* than *Love*:  
 If all they do's through Fear of Hell,  
 If they're good Works, they're not done well.  
 Is this the End of all their Toil?  
 Where's their Obedience all the while?

Their System's Right they'd have us know;  
 'Tis Reason, Reason tells them so:  
 Reason shall guide them on their Way,  
 And all their Actions rightly sway.  
 They tell us, they've a Right to chuse,  
 This their Familiar, that refuse,  
 This they'll exalt, while that lies low:  
 But God's unjust if he does so.  
 Sure these from Reason's Path must stray,  
 Or who is Sovereign, God or they?  
 All Creatures here they will destroy,  
 For foolish Sport and Luxury;  
 But God his Promise must out-do,  
 Or he's unwise and cruel too:  
 For no such Promise I can find,  
 As special Grace to all Mankind,

They tell us, All ingross his Care,  
 Alike his Love and Mercy share;  
 And all alike shall have fair Play,  
 To save or cast their Souls away.

Is this the Case, I fain would know,  
 How they account for Things below?

Why one shall to a Sceptre rise,  
 That on a Dunghill lives and dies ;  
 Why *this* shall fill a Chair of State,  
 While *that* shall suffer Scorn and Hate ;  
 Why *one* in Health and Vigour plays,  
 Another groans out all his Days ;  
 Why one shall live an ancient Sire,  
 And *that* in tender Years expire ;  
 Another penetrating wise,  
 While there a grov'ling Idiot lies.  
 Then, next, thy Tempers disagree,  
 Why some reserv'd and some more free ;  
 Some Heat of Passion seldom know,  
 And some are almost always so ;  
 Why some enjoy their native Isle:  
 And others languish in Exile ;  
 Why Gospel Light is *Britain's* Lot,  
 And the wild *Indians* hear it not.

Does Man's Salvation then depend  
 On what's his own to recommend ?  
 Is't in th'Endowments of the Mind ?  
 Then why are all to Vice inclin'd ?  
 Why all who would this Blessing gain,  
 Are sure to will and run in vain ?  
 Old *Isaac's Will* to *Esau's* bent,  
 And *Esau's Will's* as much intent ;  
*Rebecca's Will* to *Jacob* turns,  
 And *Jacob's Will* as eager burns :  
*Esau* must hunt the Fields with Care,  
 And hopes to meet the Blessing there ;  
*Jacob* those Measures would forbid,  
 And runs to gain it with a Kid :  
 They *will* at Home, those *run* Abroad,  
 But yet the Blessing's all of God,  
 Who's Power to save alive or kill,  
 And will have Mercy where he will :  
 Some he'll give up to their Heart's Lust,  
 And in so doing still be just.

This awful Truth they cannot see.  
 But call't a horrible Decree ;  
 And this Conclusion farther draw,  
 God's Sovereign act's the Devil's Law.

Blush, *Wesley*, blush, be fill'd with Shame  
 Doom thy vile Poem \* to the Flame :  
 What Tongue thy horrid Crime can tell ?  
 Put Saints to sing the Song of Hell !  
 Haste hence to *Rome*, thy proper Place ;  
 Why should we share in thy Disgrace ?  
 We need no greater Proof to see  
 Thy Blasphemies with *theirs* agree.

What Soul to Hell for nought is sent ?  
 Is Preterition Punishment !  
 Sure Sin's the Cause, not passing by,  
 Why any shall in Torment lie :  
 If such as Children weren't foreknown,  
 He'll not deny them what's their own.  
 Does he incline their Hearts to Vice,  
 Or do they freely sin by Choice ?  
 Is he unjust in letting thee  
 Abuse, defame his wife Decree ?  
 No, rather say'ts their Happiness,  
 Who are restrain'd from this Excess :  
 Shew me where he his Promise fails,  
 Before thy Blasphemy prevails ?

If these can't with thy Judgment square,  
 God's Ways are equal, leave it there :  
 Reason is lost in shewing why,  
 'Tis only solv'd in *Sov'reignty*.  
 So he will Grace on some bestow,  
 And this is Reason good to know,  
 It is his Will it should be so.

}

Now

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\* I cou'd the Devil's Law receive,  
 Unless restrain'd by Thee,  
 I cou'd ( Good God ) I cou'd believe  
 The HORRIBLE DECREE.

Hymn the 6th, Page 20. Intitled on *God's everlasting Love*, London, Printed by W. STRAHAN, and sold at the Foundery, near *Upper Moor-fields*. It appears there are two Books of Hymns bearing this Title, the other Printed at *Bristol*, in the Year 1741, with that presumptuous Master-piece of Iniquity in it, called the Horrible Decree. Both Books allowed, by the Followers of the WESLEYS, to be wrote by one or both of them.

Now

Now their destructive Poison flee,  
 Pity their Infidelity;  
 Adore that Hand whose Power can raise,  
 Dead thoughtless Worms to speak his Praise.

What Mortal's Tongue can sound Abroad,  
 This great *I AM*, the Mighty God,  
 Whole Works and Word aloud proclaim,  
 The great Perfections of his Name:  
 In Essence *One*, in Person *Three*,  
 The glorious great Immensity.  
 Ten thousand thousand Thoughts may rise,  
 In Faith transporting Extacies.  
 Anon I'm to this Period brought,  
 He is what Morals never thought:  
 Then why should I attempt to shew  
 What finite Dust shall never know.

Can Bands of Angels tell us how  
 He dwells in his Eternal Now?  
 Time can't that glorious State compare,  
*Past* and *to come*, are Present there;  
 All Things at once appear in View,  
 To him there's nothing old or new.

This is the Christian's God and Guide;  
 Whence all his Wants are well supplied;  
 When Faith leads on to Things unseen,  
 Nor Clouds nor Billows roll between,  
 His Foot with Gospel-Truths being shod,  
 Moves swiftly on to worship God;  
 To him alone he pays his Vow.  
 He's no Reserves for *himself* now:  
 He with the Psalmist makes his Baits,  
 And triumphs in the LORD of Hosts.  
 O! how I love thy Law, he cries,  
 And runs his Race with sweet Surprise.  
 Fear cannot drive, as Love can draw,  
 To do Obedience to the Law:  
 Was future Torments done away,  
 The Soul would equally obey.

If in the Furnace he is try'd,  
 Wisdom itself for him's employ'd;  
 Nothing can 'scape the piercing Eye,  
 Of his Refiner letting by,  
 Whole tender Love shall then appear,  
 Nor will he search him too severe;



What's for his Good he there shall find,  
And leave his Dross and Tin behind.

If he for Bread or Water cry,  
His God shall bring a quick Supply;  
The barren Wilderness shall yield  
Provision, as a fruitful Field:  
At his Command the Rocks obey,  
And send their gliding Streams away.  
Why need he doubt his daily Bread,  
Who oft by Ravens has been fed?  
For God his Promise will fulfil,  
"The Earth shall help the Woman still".  
Thus, if by Want or Pain oppress'd,  
He'll praise his God and say 'tis best;  
Calm in his Soul, he's led to see,  
'Twas not without an *If need be*.

If persecuted, still supply'd;  
Or if cast down, he's not destroy'd:  
He hopes through Fear, joys in Distress,  
Depending then on *Faithfulness*.  
Whate'er he meets with in the Way,  
Strength is proportion'd to his Day;  
If he perceives Corruptions rise,  
The Tempter rage, and Hell surprise,  
Or when to Good he is inclin'd,  
And to perform he cannot find,  
Yet *Ancient Love* the same abides,  
Although his Countenance he hides:  
He shall not fail his Course to run,  
Grace shall compleat the Work begun.  
If dismal Horror spread him round,  
'Tis *Grace* not Sin shall superabound;  
To God his Case he recommends,  
And on his mighty Power depends:  
Purge me he cries, from secret Sin,  
Subdue those *Canaanites* within:  
Sway me with Reverential awe,  
Cause me to Love and keep thy Law.  
If Weeping for a Night endure,  
The Morning Light shall joy procure;  
His Countenance he'll soon display,  
And chase these gloomy Fogs away:  
His Soul shall then be led to trace  
The Wonders of redeeming Grace;  
Love fills his Heart, and tunes his Lays,  
His Sighs are turn'd to Songs of Praise.

In humble Raptures how he's led,  
To talk of *Christ* his living Bread.

Though long my Foot has gone astray,  
And wander'd in a doubtful Way,  
Beneath a Load of Guilt and Sin,  
Oppress'd without, distress'd within;  
How have I dragg'd the captive Chain !  
Look'd to the Hills, and look'd again,  
Built on the Sands, and built in vain. }  
He comes, he comes, and sets me free,  
I that was blind am made to see ;  
By Nature lost, by Grace I'm found :  
And *Christ* receives me safe and sound :  
He is my glorious Head of Grace,  
My *Hope*, my *Trust*, my *Dwelling-place* :  
He is my Helper in Distress,  
My sure *Foundation*, *Righteousness*.  
If the sharp Beam of Trouble spread,  
In scorching Rays about my Head,  
He is my *Rock*, whose Shade supplies  
With cooling Breaths, and soothes my Cries :  
His *Strength* in Weakness does appear,  
His *Light* through Darkness shines most clear :  
His *Wisdom* o'er my Folly reigns,  
What I know not, he well explains:  
My naked Soul thus He supplies,  
And I am comely in his Eyes :  
He is my *Bread* that shall endure,  
Where everlasting *Streams* are sure ;  
He'll not his Handy-work decline,  
I'm his Belov'd, and he is mine ;  
Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone ;  
As Head and Member we are one ;  
Inseparable, ne'er to part,  
I have his Love and he my Heart ;  
His Name I'll praise, and ever shall,  
My Great, my everlasting All.  
What richer Gifts can Worms possess ?  
I need no more, nor can have less.  
My *Prophet* here to make me wise ;  
My *Priest*, to offer Sacrifice ;  
My *King*, to whom I'll Homage pay,  
Who does a righteous Sceptre sway.

My *Shepherd*, who my Soul maintains,  
And leads to peaceful fertile Plains ;  
His watchful Eye, and tender Care,  
Shall guard me round, and feed me there.

My Bridegroom, who pronounces me  
 Comely and fair to th' last Degree ;  
 Brought to the *Church*, my Mother's House,  
 He calls me his beloved Spouse ;  
 Puts his left Hand beneath my Head,  
 While round about his Right is laid.  
 Securely blest'd in him I dwell,  
 Can triumph over Death and Hell.  
 If for a Time he should forbear  
 To let me read his Love and Care,  
 Then I grow faint and drowsy too,  
 And spot my Garment through and through ;  
 To my Complaint I hear him say,  
 My Soul still hates to put away :  
 Then, then I know, what 'tis to find  
 Submission and a willing-Mind.

He in my Stead my *Surety* stands,  
 Confirm'd by everlasting Bands ;  
 This he engag'd e'er Time begun,  
 To pay the Debts that I should run ;  
 Most fitly qualify'd to do  
 The Work he was assign'd unto.  
 Pass'd through the World in mean Degree,  
 Through Hunger, Grief, and Poverty ;  
 Firm as a Flint his Face was set,  
 When with the armed Band he met ;  
 Whom seek ye, said he, is it *me* ?  
 If so, then *these* must all go free ;  
 O ! to behold his bending Head,  
 And hear him say 'Tis *finished* ;  
 How this excites my Soul to praise,  
 To love and serve him all my Days.

If Troubles rise and grieve me fore,  
 My elder *Brother's* gone before ;  
 Who's not regardless of my Cries,  
 And well knows how to sympathize :  
 Besides he is my chiefest *Friend* ;  
 For whom he loves, he loves to th'End ;  
 If Sin is prevalent in me,  
 No Spot, no Wrinkle he can see ;  
 For when it draws me to comply,  
 He bids me say, 'Tis *no more I*,  
 Who in this mix'd imperfect State  
 Oft do the very Things I hate.  
 Sin in his own he can't approve,  
 That has his Hate, and I his Love :

Behind his Back they all are hurl'd,  
He'll save my Soul, or sink a World.

If all my Foes in one combine,  
My *Captain* will not me decline;  
My Sword and Shield can never fail,  
And in his Strength I shall prevail:  
While he exalts his Banner high,  
All my Opposers yield or fly,

He's the *Physician* of my Soul,  
Rebukes my Sickness, makes me whole;  
My Faith can never doubt his Skill,  
But rests submissive to his Will.

Who can my happy State declare?  
Beneath a tender *Father's* Care,  
Who'll not neglect when I complain,  
And does my Soul in Health maintain:  
Yea, e'er I speak, my Case he knows,  
And what's most needful he bestows:  
If I Backslide, or go astray,  
He calls, and sets me on my Way;  
*Return to me thy Dwelling place,*  
*Return, return, I'll thee embrace.*  
When in his Light I'm led to eye,  
His matchless Love on *Calvary*;  
Then in the Paths which he restores,  
My Soul obeys, admires, adores,  
She then disdains all earthly Toys,  
And feeds on more substantial Joys.  
My willing Soul, then touch'd with Love,  
Swift as the Chariot wheels do move.

He is my *Pilot* on the Deep,  
And does my Soul in safety keep:  
If on the Brink of Ruin tost,  
I may be wreck'd, but can't be lost;  
My quick deliverance shall come,  
He stills the Seas, or wafts me home.

If my last Minutes dull should move,  
And he withdraw that quickening Love;  
Or gloomy Scenes should overspread,  
And in the Dark I'm put to Bed,  
I've had the Earnest heretofore,  
And heard him tell of Joys in Store,  
Where Pleasures dwell for evermore: }



My *Saviour* will attend me here,  
 If Faith and Sense do not appear;  
 Eternal Arms shall raise me high,  
 Where I shall dwell for ever nigh;  
 Drop all my Sorrows and Complaints,  
 And join the Thousands of his Saints.

Till Wisdom err, or Grace shall fail,  
 Or Falacy for Truth prevail;  
 Justice unjust, or Wrong prove Right,  
 Or Weakness stand for Power and Might;  
 Till then the Saint his God shall bless,  
 And joy in *Christ* his Righteousness.  
 Let *Zion's* Sons their King proclaim,  
 And sing how glorious is his Name!  
 Be this their Theme; O! boundless Grace,  
 How well it fits my sinful Case!

*Arminians* now their Scheme may prize,  
 And boast of new Discoveries;  
 Things in their Natures *This* and *That*,  
 And strain at what they can't come at:  
 What better Fitness can they find,  
 Than Life and Light, for Dead and Blind,  
 That *all* for whom a *Saviour* dy'd,  
 Shall from his Fulness be supply'd.

I might enlarge, but am confin'd,  
 The Press forbids what I design'd:  
 This must suffice instead of more,  
 To shew, as was observ'd before,  
 Who doth the living God obey,  
 Or who to helpless Idols pray.

Now to conclude, they're blest who know  
 This living God rules all below,  
 Who by each Providence displays  
 Some deep Design in Wisdom's Ways;  
 But for the Grace he does bestow,  
 They praise the more, the more they know;  
 Whilst others, wandering astray,  
 Far short of God their Homage pay;  
 Can those on mighty Pow'r rely,  
 Or providential Goodness eye?  
 How can they pay that Debt they owe,  
 Who know not whence their Mercies flow;  
 No Wonder such to Errors run,  
 Who know not God, abuse his Son.

My Soul, from all their Secrets flee;  
 Far from their *Bands* mine Honour be;  
 Their murdering Hands my Lord would slay;  
 As those for whom *He'd* never pray:  
 God's great Salvation is made known,  
 For Walls and Bulwarks round his own;  
 But through Self-will, they'd fain erase  
 The glorious Scheme of Sovereign Grace.



# P E R S E V E R A N C E.

## A P O E M.

IN REPLY TO THE

Reverend Mr. *W E S L E Y*, &c.

**W**AS ever such an empty Answer seen?  
 So weak, so wicked, foreign, false, and mean?  
 The Author only beats the Air in vain,  
 And aims at something which he can't explain.  
 In fine, the whole this mighty Piece affords,  
 Is *Spite*, and *Pride*, and strange unmeaning Words:  
 Pleas'd with pertvering sacred Writ, to shew,  
 Salvation's not of *Grace*, but *what we* do.

He'd have us think it comes most richly fraught:  
 In Answer to what Dr. *Gill* has wrote:  
 Thanks to the Title, or 'tis understood  
 As well of *Little John* and *Robin-Hood*.

Doctor, no need to turn those Darts aside,  
 They either die in Air, or fly full wide;  
 Truth stands unshaken, all this Babble's vain,  
 While *Sion's* King, will *Sion's* Cause maintain;  
 He's chose her for himself, his Dwelling's there,  
 And can't forget the Children of his Care.

*Wesley*, if thy *presumptious Lye* prevail,  
*Wisdom* may err, and mighty *Pow'r* may fail:  
 Grace may deceive the Person where 'tis wrought,  
 And all that God has laid may stand for nought.  
 If there's a Breach in everlasting Love,  
 Then *Faith* is vain, nor are they safe above.  
 This Truth shall never, never be forgot,  
 That *Jacob's* God, is He that changeth not.

You once believ'd, you say, where you begin,  
 That *Heav'n* is bought for those who leave their Sin;  
 If your *Foundation* cannot stand the Test,  
 There's Room to doubt the Truth of all the Rest.

How Heaven is purchas'd you should first explain,  
 Then by what *Pow'r* vile Men from Sin refrain;  
 A *Saviour* shed his Blood for *Sin*, not *Heav'n*,  
 To purchase *Persons*, not for Blessings given;  
 Where *Satisfaction's* rightly understood,  
*Persons*, not *Things*, must bear the Price of Blood;  
 And all those Blessings added can't but be,  
 The unfeigned Gift of the *Eternal Three*.

Is nothing certain 'till I leave my *Sin*?  
 Will God not love Me till I first begin!  
 And will that Love decline as mine grows cold?  
 Or can he hate me young, and love me old?  
 Does Man's Obedience Happiness obtain  
 Then all's of Debt, and *Christ* has died in vain;  
 Then *Saviour*, *Surety*, *Helper*, *Sacrifice*,  
 Are empty Sounds, and mere Absurdities.  
 Is this glad Tidings? Where can I depend?  
 If *Christ* is wanting, I have ne'er a Friend.

Sir, I suppose your Meaning should be this;  
 To part with Sin is not to do amiss:  
 Then why this *Confidence*, this *Spite* and *Pride*,  
 Those many sacred Texts thus villified?  
 And why this *Devil*, with a Sneer, to say?  
*Who wrongs my Child, who takes its Bread away?*

Boast not *Perfection*, since the Case is thus,  
Except 'tis *perfect blind*, or something worse.

But, O! how impious, how profoundly base!  
To talk of *Sin* as Consequence of Grace!  
That those who live by Faith, may as they please,  
Trample on *Love*, and live in *carnal Ease*;  
As tho' the Grace of God does not constrain  
The Hearts of those belov'd to love again.

This is the Doctrine which the Tempter brought,  
Read and consider, tremble at the Thought!  
"If thou'rt the Son of God then fear no Ill,  
"What he has said he'll certainly fulfil;  
"He's bid the Angels watch and guard thee round,  
"Neglect all Rule, go headlong to the Ground."

The Ways of God he never once put in;  
Here read *thyself* (the Soul that's safe may sin);  
Choose to be holy thou wouldst set aside,  
Thus he attack'd the Bridegroom, *you* the Bride.

O! black Ingratitude from Hell below!  
The grateful Christian cannot argue so.

What if my Prince should kindly condescend  
To let me know he's always been my Friend;  
Paid off the many Scores that I should pay,  
And sends me fresh Provisions Day by Day;  
Can I from hence such vile Conclusions draw,  
To hate his Love, and set at naught his Law:  
No, rather say, 'twould make me speak his praise,  
And strive to serve him all my future Days.

That Soul that's humbled with a Sense of Sin,  
And feels, and loaths its Rottenness within;  
That knows its helpless Case, and does confess  
He's nothing of his own but Emptiness,  
And by Divine Assistance can behold  
More worth in *Christ* than Pyramids of Gold,  
Tho' Sin and Satan often make him doubt,  
This bruised Reed shall stand the Tempest out:  
A Glimpse of *Love* shall cheer him in the Way,  
And Strength be given equal to his Day.  
If in the gloomy Pit, where Horrors dwell,  
And he concludes himself next Door to Hell,  
His God shall pleasant Paths to him restore,  
And make him sing a Song unknown before,



That mighty Arm that calm'd the raging Sea,  
 Shall guard him round, and guide him on his Way.  
 Thus, thus the Christian Man is toss'd about,  
 Sometimes his Faith prevails, and sometimes doubt ;  
 Though various Changes may attend his *Frame*,  
 His *State* shall evermore abide the same.

When in his Light they eye the golden Chain,  
 And can the Order of each Link explain,  
 From God's Fore-knowledge down thro' Time, and then,  
 Ascending up to Deity again ;  
 Each Attribute concurs to make them bless'd,  
 Sav'd to be call'd, and call'd to endless Rest.  
 They with seraphic Views will sweetly trace  
 The glorious Heights and Depths of mighty Grace ;  
 To see what was laid up in *Christ* their Head,  
 In *Adam* was not lost or forfeited ;  
 And while they lay i' the Ruins of the Fall,  
 Eternal Arms were underneath them all ;  
 They being Objects of that *Ancient Love*,  
 Their Fall in *Adam* could not that remove :  
 And as th' Effect of Union to their LORD,  
 He bids them live, and they obey his Word :  
 They see as *Adam* sunk them into Sin,  
 The Life and Death of *Christ* has made them clean.  
 Then how secure they stood e'er Time begun,  
 And how eternal Settlements do run :  
 If they are Children then they're Heirs of all,  
 From him they did not, will not, cannot fall.  
 As by Adoption they have this Relation,  
 The Nature's given in Regeneration ;  
 As by the first they're Sons to the Creator,  
 The latter has th' Effect gives Children's Nature.  
 Here they may stand, and wonder, and adore,  
 How God could love them well'ring in their Gore

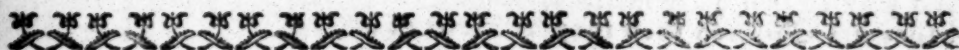
When by th' Eternal Spirit thus they're led,  
 To read their Interest in a risen Head ;  
 What glaring Glory ravishes their Eyes,  
 In every Providence new Wonders rise ;  
 If they're surrounded with Afflictions here.  
 Or Bread and Water be their only Cheer,  
 Each needful Want he'll readily supply,  
 Whose Ear is open to the Raven's Cry ;  
 He sends them earthly, sends them heavenly Food,  
 And makes each crooked Thing to work for good.

When

When they're transplanted in the Realms above,  
 What Views they'll have of Everlasting Love!  
 When put Perfection on they'll plainly see  
 What was the Business of Eternity,  
 And sing the great Contrivance of the boundless *Three*. }

*Wesley*, no more advance this wretched Scheme,  
 Nor plume thyself by robbing the Supreme.  
 No more exalt proud Man at the Expence  
 Of God's Fore-knowledge and Omnipotence.

Sir, in your next will you vouchsafe to show,  
 Who leads and teaches *Ephraim* to go?  
 Who brings to *Zion* with a tender Care?  
 Who keeps the Wheels of Love in Motion there,  
 And makes him joyful in the House of Pray'r?  
 Who often puts to Flight contending Foes?  
 Who stays the rough Wind when the East Wind blows?  
 Who makes him oft rejoice in Tribulation?  
 And hope and trust alone, in God's Salvation.  
 Would God bestow on you his quickning Rays,  
 You'd own his mighty Pow'r and sing his Praise;  
 To Moles and Batts you'd cast your Idols then,  
 And give to *him* what now you give to *Men*. }



T H E  
 M O N G R E L P R E A C H E R.

*DEUT.* xxii. 9, 10, 11, *TIT.* ii. 8.

**W**HILE the Mongrel Calvinist boasts of his Skill,  
 Runs on against *Whitby*, and cavils with *Gill*,  
 Sets himself to correct each extravagant Theme,  
 And proposes to steer just betwixt each Extreme:  
 Sometimes runs with *Gill*, while of *Whitby* he raves,  
 Then to *Whitby* he runs while great *Gill* he beslaves;

Says

Says the Man I have just split the Hair to my Mind,  
 When he's blunder'd along, like to one that's stark blind:  
 Like a Guide in a Fogg, how he wanders about,  
 Till he brings you at last where at first you set out:  
 What before he did grant you, he'll soon take away,  
 Thus he acts in his Jumbles, like Children at play;  
 For when he's been led to talk things that are right,  
 He'll soon *Application* them out of your Sight;  
 You'd think all his Studies were chiefly confin'd,  
 To bring *Babel's* Confusion afresh in your Mind.

While of *Gill* he complains, he cries what do you mean,  
 Do you think Human Creatures are like a *Machine*;  
 Here he bids poor *Dead Sinners* secure their Salvation,  
 Get *Faith*, and get *Christ*, and make home Application.

By and By tacks about and takes *Whitby* to do,  
 Says I'm no Free-willer I'd have you to know.  
 As the Offspring of *Adam* are sunk in the Fall,  
 They are lost, they are dead, they've no Pow'r at all.  
 And as God by a sovereign Act of his own,  
 Hath made choice of a Number to make his Grace known;  
 So in the Day of his Power he'll send forth the Dove,  
 To quicken their Hearts as the Effect of His Love.  
 What with one Hand he builds, with the other destroys,  
 What he just now affirm'd, he frankly denies.  
 One half must be false when he's said out his say,  
 For who can give Credit to both *Yea* and *Nay*.

If a Guinea in Gold or its like struck in Brass,  
 I should know at first View which for Current will pass;  
 But when Counters are gilt I must take special Care,  
 If I take such for Guineas, I'm drawn in a Snare.

So where ever I hear, if I might have my Will,  
 I'd have't all of a Piece, either *Whitby* or *Gill*.

## THE READING DON.

## AN EXTEMPORY POEM,

*Made while a limping Pretender, to the Tribe of Levi, was pleasing  
himself with, what He called, Preuching.*

PROV. XXV. 14.

**B**EHOLD our *Don*, in all his sprightly Airs,  
In gallant Form, ascends the Pulpit Stairs,  
The flocking, Croud, for various Ends appear,  
Some to be seen, some to see, and some to hear; }  
And rare it is to find a Face sincere,  
For you must note, such Preachers often find,  
An Auditory, suited to their Mind;  
And while the Psalm is singing, *Don*, an't please ye,  
Like to a Juggler, in the Pulpit's busy.  
He from his Pocket does his Sermon slide,  
Which in his Bible he attempts to hide:  
Singing is ended, *Don* must now repair  
To seek to God, but wants the LIFE of PRAYER;  
A Flow of Words, in Form, you may discover,  
Which like a School-boy's Task 'is repeated over.  
When Prayer, or something like it's, at an end,  
And to the other Part he must attend;  
*Don*'s hard at work, that every thing might ease him,  
It seems is Cushion does not lie to please him,  
He sinks a hole i'the middle, where he tries  
To hide his Scribble from the Peoples' Eyes,  
Then he attempts to open wide his Book,  
"I'm the good Shepherd" was the Text he took;  
But whether *Christ* or He's the Subject-matter,  
'Tis hard to learn his Sermon shew'd the latter:  
He seem'd to read indifferently well,  
And may be he could all his Fingers tell;  
Could sum them up together with his Pen,  
And let us know his Thumbs and all make *Ten*.  
Thought I you need not pray'd so earnestly  
That from the Spirit you might find Supply,  
Had you omitted that you'd been as wile,  
And pray'd for Spectacles to suit your Eyes;

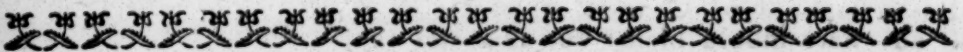


For while he read the Fragments he had penn'd,  
 He made a Fescue of his Finger's end ;  
 When on the People he essay'd to look,  
 His Thumb stood Centinel upon his Book ;  
 If any here should blame our *Don* and say,  
 His Tongue before his Wit did trip away,  
 This may be added, and I think most just,  
 That of the three his Finger would be first.  
 How Innocent this Wooden Preacher stood,  
 While he dish'd out his *Antichristian Food*.  
 Be Mercy, Judgment, Life, or Death his Theme,  
 All's one with him, he stands as in a Dream ;  
 Lavish of's Learning, throws about hard Names  
 While all Mechanic Preachers he defames ;  
 Says they're not call'd or qualify'd to Preach,  
 And tells, the Gospel lies beyond their Reach :  
 He quotes the *Hebrew* and the *Greek* to find,  
 A meaning to a Text ne'er was design'd. •

*Don* knows his Trade and carries't on with Ease,  
 Hard Words without a meaning can't but please.  
 And when he's read his learned Sermon o'er,  
 The People know as little as before.  
 The gazing Auditory now conclude,  
 That *Don* is wiser than a Multitude.  
 They hear, they know not what, then *Don* is prais'd  
 Perhaps 'tis *Welch*, for which he's Idoliz'd.

I mourn'd the Case, and drooping went away ;  
 Thought I, this Man can neither Preach nor Pray.  
 Just as much Food the Druggilt's Shop affords  
 With *Physic*, empty *Drawers*, and gilded *Words*.

A COPY



*A Copy of a Letter sent to Dr. ABRAHAM TAYLOR on his late Performance, entitled, "An Address to Young Students in Divinity, &c."*

I COR. xiv. 6, 7, 8.

**M**OST wond'rous Sir, we admire thy Wit  
And proportion our Praise to the Sense thou hast writ;  
While some unto one Side the Question keep true,  
Are expos'd to hard Centures to please but a few:  
In a different Orbit from such thou art moving,  
Advancing such Notions as most are approving,  
Like a Parliament Man, who to shew himself big,  
Would fain be caress'd both for *Tory* and *Whig*.

Should *Barkley* or *Baxter* or *Bellarmino* rise,  
Or the great Mr. *Hussey* descend from the Skies,  
You might read in your Book, and let each of them see,  
You deserve their Applause, for with each you agree.  
But take each by himself, this your Friends would advise,  
Read it loud in their Ears, but ne'er humour their Eyes;  
For what one may approve of, the rest may despise. }

The first in his way, will you compliment,  
Since you strike at those Men where his Arrows were bent:  
Was the Gospelist down he saw plainly enough,  
Such must fall of themselves, who hold Mongrel Stuff.

You'll have thanks from old *Baxter*, when he comes to find, }  
You've jumbled enough to confuse all Mankind,  
Or else we'll conclude he has alter'd his Mind.  
Where the Word *Necessary* for *Merit* may stand,  
Sure *Bellarmino* cannot but give you his Hand,  
While his *DADA* from *Rome* will this Favour bestow  
To approach the old Chair, and salute his great Toe,  
And for what you have wrote in the Church's Defence,  
He'll declare you a Saint there a Hundred Years hence.

Why

Why old *Hussey*'s reproach'd there need no more be said,  
 'Tis Reason sufficient because he is dead;  
 Had the Man been alive and one half of it true,  
 The World might have begg'd, and not heard it from you.  
 Keep that close and pass on to old *Simon*'s vile Case,  
 How he pick'd up a Whore to his Shame and Disgrace,  
 You'll have *Hussey*'s Opinion 'twas filthy indeed,  
 So you need not to doubt but in that you're agreed;  
 But take care how he sees why old *Simon*'s here nam'd,  
 If he finds it he'll scorn you, and make you ashamed.

Here if *Hussey* decline you, the Carnal and Blind,  
 Will by Thousands appear, and declare it's their Mind,  
 Nor will here be an End of your Honour and Fame,  
 For there's Legions of Devils approve of the same.

You run on against Botching as tho' 'twas agreed  
 By the World to approve you a Workman indeed;  
 But from hence I conclude the Old Saying is just,  
 That the greatest of Whores will be sure to baul first.

Since the internal Call is by you laid aside,  
 You should fix on another whereby to abide,  
 For 'tis hard those young Parsons that by you are made,  
 Should be left in the dark how to set up in Trade.  
 Sir, be true to your Judgment, and tell to them all,  
 That a Trumpet of Silver's a powerful Call;  
 And a Call to be Pastor *must always* be clear  
 From People that's Poor to a Hundred a Year.

'Tis no wonder to hear the Lay Preachers run down,  
 By such Rabbi's as you who their Mission disown;  
 With what Fondness thou'd boast the great Preacher thou'lt made,  
 But the Spirit of God is here spoiling thy Trade.  
 Though you grudge them that honour that's justly their due,  
 Such can call *Jesus Lord*, and Preach better than you;  
 And for all your Ill-nature this Work they'll pursue. }  
 One Word to the Binder, and then I'll conclude,  
 And hope he'll excuse me, nor judge I am rude.

SIR,

When this Ricketty Brat comes under your Care,  
 If thou'lt any Tendernets use it with a Share;  
 It is needless to tell thee its Limbs are not sound,  
 For from one end to t'other some Scabs may be found.

Brought forth from the heat of an angry Mind,  
 As the Effects pray observe how it's troubled with Wind.  
 Take care how you soil it or handle it rough,  
 Of itself it is filthy and rotten enough,  
 And its likely to meet with much hardship while here,  
 For its Father declines in its Cause to appear;  
 See its Cloathing be good, of the strongest of Leather,  
 For 'tis the judgment of some it can ne'er hang together.

I should here have concluded had we nor been told,  
 When you came in the Pulpit what you would unfold;  
 How you'd batter down Error as it lay in your way,  
 And be useful to such as was going alrway.

Now we hope you'll consider with diligent Care,  
 And attend to this Matter in Preaching and Prayer,  
 When you offer a *Christ*, which is not yours give,  
 And exhort poor Dead Sinners to get him and live;  
 We would know what you mean when in Prayer you confess,  
 The Off-spring of *Adam* are nothing and less;  
 Shew how Life is convey'd to a Sinner that's Dead,  
 If before there's no Union to *Christ* as their Head.

If the unborn Elect be your Theme (if you please)  
 Let us know what you mean by such jumbles as these?  
*Under Wrath, Heirs of Hell, still the Hatred of Heaven.*  
*Christ* has dy'd for their Sins, yet they are not forgiven.  
 He their *Surety* did stand, in their place he obey'd,  
 He has answer'd the *Law* yet the *Debt* is not paid;  
 Yet they *all* shall be *Just*, and *Belov'd* in his sight,  
 If they once can believe what is *wrong* to be *right*.

Take care how you talk of Salvation compleated  
 By *Christ* on the Cross, *Sin* and *Satan* defeated;  
 For by chance such expressions as these you let fly,  
*For believing we're sav'd, for neglecting we die.*  
 When you talk of rich Grace as the free Gift of *God*,  
 If you call that a *Purchase* 'twill sound very odd.  
 First be all of a piece, e'er a War you proclaim,  
 Or what e're you may think with D. D. to your Name,  
 Be't with *Foster* or *Gill*, it will end in your shame.  
 See one end of your Sermon don't t'other confound,  
 That Trumpet's uncertain that *Jarrs* in the sound.

Yours to serve you,

T. G.

T



To the Ministers, meeting at Blackwell's Coffee House, occasioned by Mr. WILSON returning for Answer to Warwick Church's Request (*wherein they desire their Assistance in helping them to a Minister*) "We cannot help you to one this Twelve Months."

To the Ingenious Gentleman who found out an Answer to Warwick Church's Letter, *without saying*, If it should please the LORD to raise up an able Minister, we will let you know of him, and he of you.

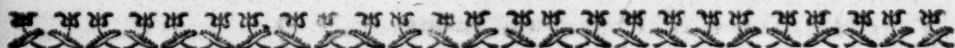
TO you great Sirs the Praise is due,  
 Whole Answer seem'd both wise and true;  
 Your're right in saying they must stay,  
 Who can make *Parsons* every Day?  
 Your Hot-beds may be good and strong  
 To bring them forward when they're young,  
 As Mushrooms rise from Asses Dung. }  
 You force them up we plainly know,  
 As Cucumbers and Pumpkins grow,  
 Yet what of that, we often find,  
 The end is mis'd as first design'd;  
 Your Stock is often small or bad,  
 And where they're not, they can't be had.  
 It sometimes turns up worse by half,  
 For People's Pence out comes a Calf.

Good Sirs, 'tis well to take a Year,  
 Let thoughtless Mortals scoff and jeer;  
 The next time pray take half a score,  
 Doubtless they'll praise your Goods the more:  
 It takes up half a Year to tell,  
 What *Ergo* means to know it well;  
 Besides, to teach them how to stand,  
 What sort the Wig, what Form the Band,  
 And how the Finger should proceed,  
 The while they look about and read;  
 Then where to place their Accents right,  
 And how to feign the Poets Flight.  
 How serious when their Scheme is *H. II.*,  
 And pleasant when of *Grace* they tell,

Be they in Earnest or in Jest,  
That matters not, if well express'd;  
This takes up Time, I will maintain,  
So *Warwick's* Friends need not complain.

One thing I have omitted too,  
That's what to *Pirate*, and from who, }  
Which is the least they have to do :  
The truth of's Sermon who will doubt,  
If bred at School that bears him out;  
While some the inward Call commend;  
Here's *Logick* at the Finger's end.

Hence *Tinker John* and *Cobler How*, }  
And such as do attend the Plough;  
What need of Pastors sent us now.  
You pray indeed for such to come,  
Then fall to work and make us some.  
*Uzza* is blam'd, pray where's the Sin?  
If th' Ark had tell where had they been?



*On the Glory of a Future State; occasioned by a Minister's declaring his  
Satisfaction of the Blessed State of his Daughter.*

CEASE anxious Sorrows here no more appear,  
Since we have heard her Evidences clear.  
With Joy and Pleasure she could well relate,  
Her Satisfaction in a Glorious State;  
And while her Body's view'd as breathless here,  
Her Soul's triumphing in the upper Sphere,  
Encompass'd round with Love, enlarg'd to sing  
The Majesty and Honours of her King,  
Thoughts can't conceive, much less a mortal Tongue,  
Declare the Wonders that attend her Song.  
"Worthy the Lamb," she cries with thousands join'd,  
Worthy the Lamb that once his Breath resign'd,  
While on his Throne he sets in open View,  
And Thousand Thousands do this Work pursue, }  
Saying, Power, Riches, Wisdom, Strength's thy due.  
Honour and Blessing, Glory we proclaim,  
To th' boundless Mediator's boundless Name.

Anon they turn their Eyes to Things of Sense,  
 And view the various Scenes of Providence,  
 There they behold how bravely they were led,  
 In consequence of Union to their Head.  
 A Volume of such glorious Scenes appear,  
 In which they read the Mind of GOD most clear,  
 Through various Troubles how their Strength was try'd,  
 Lov'd to be Call'd, Call'd to be Glorify'd.  
 Though Sin and Satan, Hell and all did rage,  
 Yet *Everlasting Love's* the Title Page;  
 Thus when the fold'd Leaves their LORD uncloses,  
 They warble forth the perfect Song of *Moses*.

Then their enlarged Thoughts are led to trace  
 The *antient* Stable Settlements of Grace,  
 How sure they stood in *Christ*, their Glory Head,  
 E'er the Foundation of the World was laid.  
 Such glorious Depths of Grace they'll here espy;  
 T'engage their Tongues to all Eternity,  
 And while each Office of the THREE's display'd,  
 An equal Glory to each Person's paid.  
 They Harp, they Shout, their Hallelujahs fly,  
 And reach the upper Arches of the Sky;  
 There endless Pleasures circling rowl along,  
 While each attend to sing the LAMB's *new* Song.

Compleat in Glory! how must that be shewn?  
 How they adoring stand, and how they own  
 Their LORD, and cast their Crowns before the Throne<sup>d</sup>  
 This Task's too high for *Finities* to relate,  
 The perfect Glory of the GLORY STATE.

ACROSTICKS.

ACROSTICKS.

To Dr. GILL, On "The Cause of God and Truth."

The First Part.

Judicious Man we offer willingly,  
O ur praise to God, the second place to Thee,  
H ow well thou hast the Gospel Scheme defended,  
N or serv'd those Texts, to speak what an't intended.

G o on brave Soul let Works ne'er share the Crown,  
I f Truth's establish'd, Error must fall down :  
L et not *Arminis* boast what he hath done,  
L ay all his Building flat as thou'st begun.

The Second Part:

I f *Neanomian* Spirits here should rise,  
O r blunder out their strange Non-entities  
H ere is enough to let them plainly see,  
N othing can stand but a Consistency.

G reat is thy skill in Mysteries Divine,  
I t's bravely done, "*God's Cause and Truth*" shall shine,  
L et such as would another Gospel bring,  
L ament their Folly in so vile a Thing.

The Third Part.

I f we have Reason and the Scripture too,  
O ur Cause is good, what will *Arminus* do.  
H ow must he wander that has ne'er a Guide,  
N othing that's reasonable on his Side.

G ive up the Cause, *Arminus* boast no more,  
I n truth thy Arguments are very poor ;  
L ong hast thou boasted, Reason shall supply thee,  
L et Reason speak, and Reason will deny thee.



## The Fourth Part

T all those ancient Fathers did embrace  
 Our Judgements in the Doctrines of Grace,  
 How falsely some imagine when they say;  
 Nothing of this we had till *Calvin's Day*.

God loves his Church, and sends her wholesome Food,  
 In every Age some Witnesses have stood.  
 Light still we trust shall shine with brighter Rays,  
 Let all his Saints from hence attend his Praise.

O N

*Two Persons Recovery from*

## SICKNESS.

AS when the weary Mariners have try'd,  
 To gain their Haven with all Hands employ'd;  
 While round about the heavy Clouds draw near,  
 And Darkness reigns throughout the Hemisphere;  
 The Tempest drives, while Mountains roll apace,  
 And pale-fac'd Death appears on every Face;  
 The foaming Billows lash against the Keel,  
 While all like Drunken Men are made to reel:  
 At their wit's end, in dreadful Plight they cry  
 Our Vessel's lost, and every Man must die.

When in that very moment God appears,  
 And sets them free from all their Doubts and Fears,  
 Says "Peace be still;" immediately the Seas  
 Most willingly his sovereign Voice obeys.

Such was thy Case my Soul, when in Distress  
 Thy God made known his perfect righteousness.  
 When sore Afflictions did thy Body seize,  
 The Day was woo'd for Rest, the Night for Ease;  
 Thou flang and tols'd upon thy tired Bed,  
 And thought thyself quite sunk amongst the Dead.

The busie Tempter did thy Soul molest,  
 And dismal Phantoms broke thee of thy Rest;  
 No God appear'd while darkness did surround thee,  
 Sins like great mountains seem'd to quite confound thee:  
 Justice cry'd out, the Law of God you've broke;  
 He heav'd his Hand, but did not give the Stroke.

Then did the GLORIOUS SAVIOUR sweetly shine,  
 And comfort that distressed Heart of thine;  
 Unutterable things appear'd in Sight,  
 While free from Pain, thy Soul was all Delight.

F I N I S.

